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1914

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Please Note

FOLLOWING our custom, established last year, we shall omit the publication of the AUGUST number, making our September issue cover August and September. We find this necessary because both editors and readers are more or less on vacation, during the mid-summer, and most of our churches closed.

We present with this issue a table of contents for the current volume, for the use of those having the magazine bound.

The Unitarian Advance

Formerly The Unitarian—Established 1906

Volume IV JULY, 1914 Number 11

WHAT'S in a name? In the economy of human language we surely could not get along without names, and for the most part are obliged to take them pretty nearly as they come, as convenient tools of practical convenience. The only substitute for a name is a numerical or alphabetical designation, which is simply another form of name, after all. A good many people in modern cities have to live on streets with only numerical identities; but to live on "Seventy-third Street" is no less distinguishing, and somewhat more convenient than living on "Magnolia Avenue" or "Cleveland Terrace." We are all born into the world to take on names not of our own choosing, which must stick by us till we die, unless legislation or a marriage ceremony brings relief. To inherit a name of lowly origin or cacophonous sound—as, say, the name of a petty animal or an humble occupation—is really no serious handicap in life, though if we had the picking of our names a good many of us might do better. Every "given name" has its proper significance which the dictionary will reveal to us; but our actual association of ideas with "Harold," or "Blanche," depends more on the character of the man or woman bearing such name whom we have known most intimately, than upon what the dictionary has to say about it. We don't care what "Kipling" means, so we know who Kipling is. "Dickens" meant something worth while—after David Copperfield was written—whatever it may have meant before.

* * *

THE Secretary of the American Unitarian Association presented to the annual meeting of that body in May the suggestion that our denomination needs a new name; that its present name is a handicap and that we cannot achieve our best results in the missionary field until a new name is added to us. It is worth thinking about, but hardly worth worrying about, and certainly not worth quarreling about. A full and searching discussion of the question will do us no harm, and may have much educational value. The great majority of thoughtful Unitarians undoubtedly realize that our present name is a misnomer. It has three distinct disadvantages: *first,* it is the name which our opponents fastened upon us in days of bitter controversy, and was none of our own choosing; *second,* it is a theological name, emphasizing the wrong aspect of our essential faith, in the face of the fact that we claim to be a body founded on a non-theological basis; and, *third,* well, let's own up to it—it is a disadvantage to have a name beginning with the letter "U," rather than "A" or "B," for it puts us at the bottom of all sorts of statistical lists and announcements, where we would prefer to be near the top! Let all of these disadvantages have their full weight in the interesting discussion that is now on. The last one grieves us chiefly, we are bound to confess.

* * *

WE FRANKLY wish that we had had better luck at our denominational christening, just as many individuals wish that they had had better luck at the baptismal fount. But does changing a name afterward ever really help matters much? Of course the first question inevitably provoked by Secretary Wilson's suggestion is, what name will be better? "The Free Churches of America," "Liberal Christian Churches," "Free Congregationalists," "Independent Congregationalists," "Churches of Fraternal Religion," "Free Religious Churches," are amongst the names suggested, but all these bring their embarrassments, while the adoption of any one of them would involve the fatal confession of parenthesis, "(formerly, or popularly known as Unitarians)." There is no escape from the fact that the abandonment of a name must either involve the abandonment of the whole tradition going with that name and starting out

de novo (and a newly hatched denomination has always great odds against it among the sort of people whom we can hope to attract)—or retaining the old name as an explanatory adjunct, which is just as bad for prejudices as the full and frank persistence of the name of traditional custom.

* * *

HONESTLY, we find it hard to believe that any person who is kept out of our churches by our unfortunate name would be gathered in by any other name. The *thing* that keeps such people out will still stand by us. Whatever our name might better be, the unescapable fact of our destiny is that we *are* "unitarians," though a good deal else besides that is more important. The belief that Jesus was not God is not central in our faith; theoretically one can still believe that Christ was "very God of very God" in the old creedal sense of the phrase, and still be one with us in our essential ideals. But as a matter of fact, nobody believing in the ancient trinitarian dogma in the ancient way could *believe himself* to be one with us, or find himself comfortably at home in our company. What certain people in the West and South are prejudiced against is not simply our *name*, but *ourselves*—all that we stand for. There are two ways of overcoming that prejudice perhaps: one, by beguiling people into the notion that we do not really stand for the things we do stand for (after the manner of those who love to tell of a "divinity of Jesus" which does not mean "deity," and yet means something "just as good"); the other, by making the things we stand for better understood and respected. THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE urges uncompromisingly for the latter method. Changing our name might help in the first method; it could not help very much in the second method. For the prejudice against the Unitarian church, we bluntly insist upon it, is due almost everywhere not to our unfortunate name, but to the unfortunate manner in which our gospel has been presented—vaguely, coldly, timidly, or else with crass emphasis on its negative and barren intellectual abstractions. Our own experience has been that liberal movements started with non-committal names, as "People's Churches," "Liberal Religious Organizations," and the like, with painful attempt to escape the complicacies of our tradition, have gathered strength and dignity, and lost nothing at all by frankly taking our specific name at last. They have discovered that with the sort of people whom in any case we could hope to attract at all, the Unitarian name connotes the things which they peculiarly desire to have. The only change of name worthy our consideration would come through the discovery of a name gloriously expressing a larger truth with more dramatic directness. A change of name designed merely to disguise our honest heritage would be worse than futile—it would be ignoble.

* * *

ACCORDING to our notion, our most logical name would be "Free Congregationalists," That is true to history and to our informing ideal of religious democracy. It is adequately descriptive of our fundamental faith of religious liberty; it contains acknowledgment of our essential kinship with the great Congregational body; it may be even prophetic of days when all the Congregationalists of the land shall share a common freedom, and without revolutionary processes become more closely bound together as in the ancient days. Whenever Congregationalists, Unitarians and Universalists wake up to the discovery that they belong together, the name "Congregational" is certainly the one most befitting us all. We confess this ideal appeals glowingly to us; we would rather change our name by a marriage ceremony than in any other way. Yet at the present time to abandon the name under which our fathers fought their battles and bore their burdens of sacrifice and devotion in order to take on such a name as "Free Congregationalists," would almost inevitably place us in the false position of a somewhat insignificant adjunct to a larger body (as "Primitive Baptists" are popularly associated with the great body of American Baptists), which could only be avoided by emphasizing strenuously the fatal confession of parenthesis, "(formerly the Unitarians)," to which we have already referred. We do not remember in the history of Protestantism a single case where an important body has changed its historic name substantially; we do not see how it could be done with self-respect. Even the term

"Quakers" connotes more to be respected and loved in popular understanding, we believe, than the paler term "Friends," though the body using the latter name has never in the least consented to the former as an official title. We repeat it: where the name "Unitarian" brings prejudice to our cause, it is not after all our *name* but *ourselves* that are chiefly to blame. The cure for what most ails us is not a new name but a new courage and consecration of missionary method.

* * *

THE relation of Harvard University to theological education is most interesting. The beginning of distinctive Unitarianism in this country is always asociated with the passing of the control of Harvard College into the hands of the "liberals"—particularly the Chair of Divinity. As a result, Andover Theological Seminary was organized to insure to the trinitarian wing of New England Congregationalism a ministry properly trained in Calvinistic orthodoxy. At about the same time the theological faculty of Harvard was defined, and the Harvard Divinity School instituted, fully under the control of the Unitarians, but administered on a strictly undenominational basis. A little later, a large endowment fund was raised among the Unitarian churches for the maintenance of this school, with a tacit understanding that its theological courses should always be such as would serve the purposes of the Unitarian ministry, though the undenominational ideal was still insisted upon, and this school has been the main source of the education of our ministry, although Meadville's part has been generous and important. But the Harvard idea is that theology should not be sectarian, but scholarly—dominated by the same freedom of research as that manifest in departments of science, literature or history, in the Liberal Arts Department.

* * *

THE removal of the Andover Theological Seminary to Cambridge, and its affiliation with Harvard University four years ago, was a significant event in the history of theological education. The relation between the Divinity School and Andover is very intimate. Students matriculating in either institution have all the privileges of the other; courses in one school supplement those of the other; the daily devotional chapel services of the two schools are now merged, alternating between the two chapels, conducted in turn by students and professors of both schools, and the two libraries are now assembled in a single building under a single administration. Another step in the development of Harvard's theological method comes with the association of the Cambridge Episcopal Seminary with these other schools, with reciprocal privileges of class rooms, and closer fraternity among the students. The Episcopal school will still confer its own degrees, but a supplementary degree will be conferred by Harvard University, and the students of all three schools will be on the same footing. This looks like substantial good sense and progress all along the line.

* * *

WE COMMEND to our readers the announcement regarding the Meadville School appearing on another page. This surely means a substantial step forward for that institution. Not only does it involve a more rational use of time and a broader range of study, but it means a more vital spirit of equipment in the preparation of men for our ministry. The Unitarian fellowship is to be congratulated on these enterprises which make for saner and completer training for our church leaders. Mere academic preparation no longer holds; and the sequestered student is no longer a normal novitiate in our great human work. And it is no longer the pulpit, merely, but the work of the Sunday school and the social settlement which is to be accepted as the concern of our divinity schools. The arrangement by which summer work may be perused by Meadville students at the Chicago University is especially valuable. It is not as good as the removal of the Meadville School to Chicago. The misfortune of conservatism which prevented the consummation of that project a few years ago is still to be deplored. But this is on the way.

THE DEFENSE OF FREEDOM.

By Everett Dean Martin.

LIBERTY may not be guaranteed by constitutions, nor won by a mob. Freedom is not in the wholesale business. Each person must free himself first of all. He must be willing to stand alone and stake his life on his choices. If he is afraid of himself, somebody else will be his master. If he prizes property or comfort or social position more than selfhood he is already a slave, and he will have plenty of opportunities to exchange his freedom for the junk which he prefers to it.

Nobody can deprive a true freeman of his liberty any more than they rob a philosopher of his wisdom. People who are not free always blame somebody else for their slavery. They hate the imposters they themselves are creating. They fasten new tyrannies upon themselves and one another in their very efforts to resist tyrants.

A great teacher once said: "First cast the beam out of thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly." But beam-eyed people think they can gain freedom fighting the devil with his own fire.

Don't try to fight the devil with fire; you will burn your fingers. Humanly speaking, he can stand a hotter temperature than you can. Oppression cannot be driven out with oppression, nor bigotry with bigotry, nor superstition with force, nor sin with hatred. So long as bigotry or self pampering, or the conceited desire to appear something we are not; so long as the attempt of every man to claim and own every other man, influence the judgments of mankind, or create conventions and institutions, or even inspire reforms there can be little freedom.

When people are not spiritually free they cannot free others. While the things they hate exist under other names in their own hearts, while their convictions are not their own, but only prejudices which they feel it a matter of duty and of keeping up appearances to maintain, they can maintain these things only by all hanging together, crying down all misgivings, denouncing all witnesses to the contrary, and substituting for the truth a sort of mutual conspiracy of keeping one another in countenance.

That is, they become a mob. People do not have to howl and throw bricks in the streets to be a mob. There is always a mob when blind feeling takes the place of reason. People's panickyness about anything exists always directly to the extent of their interest in it, and inversely as to the amount of evidence for it. People who are not free always mistake the panickyness of the mob for zeal in the cause of truth and freedom.

They think they demand goodness; really they only demand a victim to sacrifice to their idol. All mobs are pseudo moral epidemics. They are moved, not by hatred of their own sins, but by the appearance of evil in others. They seek a theatrical vindication, an immediate triumph of their ideal, not within anyone, but over someone.

Tyrannies and exploitations of all kinds were never imposed upon perfectly innocent humanity by wicked and designing schemers. The mob creates and enthrones them, trying to fight the devil with fire. Mobs never make men free or good; they only change the names of the same old wrongs. Until people can believe in themselves; until they dare to be free and not shirk the responsibility of their freedom; until each man can stand alone with his highest inspiration and is willing to stand or fall with it, men's cowardice will go on creating lies to haunt and enslave them and poison with fear their cup of life.

Indeed there is no liberty but individual liberty! And no individual liberty when there are no individuals.

TWILIGHT.

By B. Reynolds.

The golden sun is sinking in the west,
A saffron glow suffuses all the sky,
Another day is just about to die;
Of all the hours, this one to me is best.
The day with heavy cares has been oppress'd;
Now cares, like ravens, spread their wings and fly,
And I sit down to rest awhile, and sigh
To think that human souls can be so bless'd.

The dusk of life, indeed, may be as sweet,
Made glorious by the rosy afterglow
That comes when life's bright orb of youth has set.
Then one can gaze on truth without regret
And reap the harvest that his youth did sow,
And find life all is beautiful—complete.

The Foundation of Faith

By W. Hanson Pulsford,
Minister of the First Unitarian Society of Chicago.

THE strength of faith lies in the verifiability. A man's faith is his confidence that he can attain certain ends by pursuing a certain road. Without faith any intelligent life is impossible. If you are wise, you conform your diet, your physical habits, to certain rules because you believe that by so doing you insure health. In business you follow a certain policy because you believe that that will mean success. In all that a rational man does he is guided by the assurance, more or less well founded, that the course of action which he takes will have certain results. The opposite of this is skepticism, which, when you push it through to its ultimate, means the feeling that consequent does not follow antecedent, that experience is a chaos, that conduct is a mere matter of whim and fancy and that what ensues is due to chance or, which amounts to the same thing, to the will of an irresponsible God.

Obviously, then, the question of the foundation of faith is important. Your converting yourself into a drug-store because of the wide spread belief that health is to be found in that way means disaster. One rightly pities the man who has lost his savings in some wild-cat financial scheme because his faith in it was ill founded, while the promoter's faith in thus securing easy money stood on a solid foundation. The one was too ready to believe and the other dishonest; but as regards faith, the dishonest man had the best of it.

To be strong, faith must be based upon wide and well verified experience. The weakness of what is commonly called the christian faith today is that it has forsaken experience for dogma. A congregation repeating, for instance, the Apostles' Creed, are making statements of belief which are absolutely unverifiable because they lie beyond the bounds of experience. Nay, further, when they say, for instance, that they believe in the resurrection of the body, experience is against their belief. It is true of most "articles of faith" that we can neither prove nor disprove them. Clearly if you allow anything of moment to depend on such you are in a perilous plight. Happily, this is not usually the case. Those who repeat these theological creeds usually have a different kind of faith to live by; one which they do not always make clear even to themselves, but which they feel they can rely on because of its close contact with the plain facts of life.

The freshness and power of faith in the founders of religion lies in this closeness to verifiable experience. You search in vain the teaching of Jesus, distorted as it is by the medium through which it has come down to us, for any reference to the abstract statements of the creeds. The things which he dwelt on were matters of concrete reality. His reason for advising a certain course of conduct was that you might find out how good it was by trying it. "Come and see," he said. "Happy are the pure in heart; happy are the merciful; it is a happier thing to give than to receive." How may I know? "Try it; as I have tried it." When he talks about the kingdom of God he is talking about that which you may at once put to the test. He describes its growth because he has felt it grow in himself and seen it grow in others. When he insists on its supreme value he is talking about something which lies right at his own door. He sees it verified among the Galilean villagers with whom he lived. He drew his religion out of his own heart and out of the experience of his fellows. That is the secret of its strength. So far as I can interpret life, when you find that the theologies break down in your hands you are apt to come back to the simplest concrete truths which Jesus constantly taught. They do not fail you. You try that venture with safety. They stand the test. The man who makes the experiment of letting the larger, quieter, more kindly, unselfish nature in him grow and have its way with him is not disappointed. He always finds it worth while. Out of his own experience he reaffirms with authority the saying of Jesus that it is of the very first importance that you seek this "Kingdom of God"; that you, in your

own person, believe in it because you have found out that there is a certain divine largeness of wonderful resource within yourself and to let it have its way with you is great gain.

The process from this to matters of abstract belief is interesting. Early Israel evolves certain habits which it finds are for the common good. It enacts these as authoritative laws. Then it infers that they are authorized, not by the experience of the community, but by a supernatural deity outside, that they are his commands; finally, they argue that if you obey these laws this supernatural deity will look after you, that you will be well in body and otherwise prosperous. The first Psalm says that the godly is blessed, for "whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." They struggled to uphold that faith against experience and found it failed them. It was not speculation that threw it over. It was simply the test of fact. I find out that carefully keeping the Commandments does not insure me against measles or smallpox, which I believe are misfortunes, nor against poverty, which I know is. I have seen scamps of the first water who were models of physical health and whose prosperity left that of the godly far in the shade. Then comes the further inference that what does not hold here will come true in an eternal hereafter. We have traveled the long road from well-founded faith to belief in the unverifiable.

As faith thus gets away from experience it grows weak. Buttress it as long as you can, as the Jewish teachers did, the only secure foundation is lacking. It does not require the magnificent, dramatic onslaught of the book of Job to demonstrate its weakness.

Now my quarrel with the accepted Confessions is that they are so largely made up of abstract deductions. Whether I believe or do not believe in the trinity, for example, is so metaphysically remote from any practical confidence which is going to help me in life that I simply do not bother myself about it. If you happen to have the type of mind to which the trinity, as set forth in the creed, is conceivable, well and good. It does not concern me any more than the possibility of a fifth dimension. It is not in the realm of faith at all. It has nothing to do with this need of a confidence which can be justified by actual trial.

The indefiniteness and uncertainty all about us in matters of faith runs back to the fact that little by little it has moved out of the realm of verifiability into this realm of abstraction from remote and too often incorrect interpretations of experience. When they were first made, these were probably the best men could find. They concluded that all the natural phenomena about them were the result of unseen supernatural powers. When they filled grove and hill and sky with deities, they were making as fair an inference as was possible to them from the data before them. But as experience widened it has been a terrible blunder to foist on succeeding generations, as being of the essence of faith, beliefs like these which experience has outgrown.

That is the fateful thing today. Christianity is talking an unknown language, making the great mistake of trying to put the new wine of life into the old bottles of outgrown theories about an outgrown experience. That is why it has so largely ceased to be fresh and direct and vital. What are the beliefs which stand in the forefront of much of our christian teaching? The infallible truth of the revealed Word of God, for instance. Men can only hold that if they do not take the trouble to investigate. If they did, they would at once find that it broke down before the facts. Take the doctrine of the Atonement, that men are all sinners through the transgression of Adam and therefore all under penalty of death; that God can justly pardon men only when he has visited the penalty of death on Jesus, who is of greater worth than all the human race; that if we accept his propitiatory sacrifice we shall be saved from the penalty of death and inherit eternal life. But what possible relation has that to experience? How on earth can we verify it? Happily the burden of proof lies on those who would uphold the doctrine. The question is, What reason is there for my believing it? Then they simply fall back again on the infallible Word of God.

But, in all this, you are in a realm which has nothing to do with what I call faith. Belief in doctrines like these may oftentimes be simply a matter of credulity and ignorance. It is out of all relation

to that for which a man needs religion, namely, that he may be able, with greater equanimity and strength, to further the high quality of personal life by means which his experience continually verifies. That is faith. The weakness of religion is where it has departed therefrom and become a thing of remote, transcendental belief. Shaw says, "Beware of the man whose God is in the skies." To be strong, we must believe in a God that is founded on experience; in a truth which can thus be put to the test. Then we have a faith wherein we may be content and strong, which will lead us as we travel into a yet larger contentment and a mightier strength.

There is the secret of the power of the best in the New Testament. We have seen how true it is of the message of Jesus. Let us turn to Paul. His theological beliefs have become unreal, even fantastic, but his faith stands. He tells us that as he travels this great road of life and sets his heart on things that seem to be worth while he is finding out their value for himself. Others have found it so. He is pressing on in "the assurance of things hoped for" finding out by actual trial that that asssurance is well founded. "Puts all things to the test," he says, and "hold fast to that which is good." Make experience for yourself of the larger life which we see in Jesus Christ.

He counsels us to set our hearts on the things which are worthy of veneration, which ring true, which are just, which are loveable. Come to have faith in that kind of life because you are finding out its worth by actual trial. So in the other letters. They, too, record the results of the experience of a new, and finer way of living; and, because of that, though their abstract theology is outgrown their faith endures.

That is why I speak with confidence of religion as the birth within a man of a more vital, eager temper, lifting him, as he comes to trust it, above the tyranny of circumstance. My faith in that is unshakable because I have seen it so often, not in Palestine nor in the heroes of the New Testament only, but everywhere down the long record of history, under all manner of religious belief, and apparently independent of it. Moreover, in the measure in which I, myself, have tried it, my endeavor has been justified. I have never found it to fail.

In strong contrast to this, my trust in what change of conditions would do for me has been sorely shaken. Have you not made the experience? If you were unhappy at school, you pressed forward eagerly to get through school because it was going to be all right when you went to university. But it was just as bad there as in school. Then perhaps you said, "Wait until I get to be my own master out in the world in my chosen calling," and you find that in your chosen calling the very things you complained of in school and in college are with you still. Experience breaks down your faith in the efficacy of changed conditions. The change must be within yourself.

Wider observation bears me out in this. I run over in my mind, among the folk I have known, all those who have won vast satisfaction out of life and I ask for the secret of it. It did not lie in the pleasantness or ease of conditions, in fine raiment or houses or large bank accounts. Some of them had such things, but more did not have them. So when I have watched the fortunate, stiffly starched darlings led out on parade by expensive nurse-maids and then recalled the kids in the gutter, my pity has not always been for the gutter children.

Belief that new conditions will bring happiness does not stand the test. On the other hand, the data of experience urge me to have confidence in myself. Years ago, it came to me with sudden surprise. That message of experience is the secret of Jesus.

I, of course, having been brought up as a christian, thought that the religion of Jesus meant acceptance of Christian doctrines. I thought so for a long time. But after a while it dawned on me, as these beliefs grew unreal, that the message of Jesus was faith in a manner of life which was actually verifiable. Faith in yourself, in the bigness of your nature, in the qualities within you which enable you to rise superior to circumstance, in the large, generous-hearted, simpler, more vital self which lies sleeping within, is its own witness. Try it.

There you have a faith which rests on the strong foundation. It is of that that Jesus, if he be reported rightly, says to us, "Every one that heareth these words

of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, which built his house upon the rock." So you win, as you travel, a splendid, growing confidence, that this at any rate is sure. Whatever happens to the theological beliefs I inherited as a child, I do have a supreme certainty that in the measure in which I allow myself to expand after the fashion which I read so clearly in all the great exponents of this wonderful life, which is mine as well as theirs, I shall not be disappointed. I am convinced that to set my heart on that will make things worth while as I travel. That is the chief article of my faith. I might call it belief in the Kingdom of God which is within, though I have tried not to phrase it in that way. When you come right down to it, that is the faith which all the greatest teachers of religion have taught and lived.

How that squares with the wonderful reality, which, as the old world of religious speculation fades, dawns on us in the wider interpretation of experience which belongs to our own time. It does not thrust on me belief in a deity who stands outside the universe, who made it, "watches it go," and occasionally interferes with it. That has no longer any place in my thought. I find instead something which is far nearer and far more real. This old patient earth, as we question her, reveals herself to us as a living whole, all of it eager, tremulous, thrilling with wonderful vibrant energy that blossoms into life. Not a grain of sand but is a vital realm of enchantment if you could only understand it. Not a cell nor a grass blade nor a tree but is just a miraculous voicing of the change and activity and glorious beauty of the ever shifting processes whereby all that is, is continually transforming, by ways which, as we understand them, are obedient to unswerving law. It is everywhere working towards more perfect expression and I belong to and am part of it all.

There is my religious world. I get up in the morning and the lengthening day gives me a religious message. At night I go out under the sky and the stars sing to me and the deep blue, also part of my inheritance, breathes out and quickens within the peace which belongs to me. I run back across the centuries and am watching with glee the slow process of this wonderful life of mine toward manhood. I claim it for myself. Go where I may, that reality of all realities is always impinging on me. Nowhere a touch of beauty or a song of joy or a fresh gleam of knowledge or vitality, nowhere does any new glory swim into my ken but it links me closer to this miraculous, enchanting, life-intoxicated whole to which I belong. Sometimes I do not know whether I want to call it God or not, lest people should think that I mean in any degree what our ancestors meant long ago, when they had not outgrown the thought of a God who, for the sake of theological consistency, dooms enemies and unbaptized infants and saves the credulous. But if you catch within yourself the eager pulse of that mighty unfolding life to which you belong it does not matter what you call it.

There we have a faith which does not depend on theological propositions nor on any special revelation. It needs no support of a possible heaven in the beyond to justify it. It has forsaken the shifting sand of abstract possibilities and rests instead on the solid rock of what we can find out to be true by actual trial. I have determined to be alive. I am resolved to know as far as I can all the wealth of inner resource which belongs to me as product and expression of this wonderful life of the whole. I will learn to be responsive to its messages. They come to me from a thousand sources, from the recorded experience of all great souls everywhere, from poets and seers, from the living earth and the past, and the miracle which we call science and had better call poetry. The fineness of noble human relationships, the largeness and power and steadiness my fellows have achieved, all urge me to be no longer a child but a man in the world, able to take the buffetings of chance as well as the sunshine and the laughter, and to realize through whatever comes that sense of unconquerable personal life "to which the whole creation moves."

Whenever that faith grows weak I fall back on those who have made larger proof of it than I, the comrades of the great life, seen and unseen, about me everywhere. Then I get into line and set myself again to the journey in renewed confidence that there I am traveling not a random path of my own, but the unswerving wonderful road of the

rolling earth as she swings out of the inanimate darkness of her birth toward that fuller expression of life, ample, unsurpassed, content, which lies always ahead of us.

That seems to me to be a living and real religion. There is no aspiration of any ancient saint more exalted or more pure, there is no rapture of any ascetic devotee more high or more beautiful than that which is yours when, in quiet hours, you drop the narrow selfish life of you and listen, and let the great past sing to you of all the miracle of the future. It is a religion born of human experience, growing as our knowledge grows. It belongs above all to the realm of reality, and rests solely upon what men, our brothers, have everywhere been finding to be inevitably true in this quest after the quality of life. In so far as I have tried it, I find it to be true of me also. I believe that in these swift years of mine I may climb out of the weakness and ignorance of infancy toward the manhood which grows large, strong, far-visioned, finding deliverance from the fears which threaten and making steadfastly for the unexplored wealth and resource which is mine inner inheritance. On that wonderful adventure man was never disappointed in his search. No one awakens from a faith like that to the bitter consciousness of having rested on a belief which has crumbled in presence of stern reality. Far beneath all the terrible, fantastic, unreal superstructures of religion lies the real foundation of faith. As we rest on it, it seems the clearest, simplest, surest thing in the world. It is but the message of experience telling us that man may find beauty, strength, God, in his own heart because he is the outcome of the fullness of the life of all that is.

Some day that kind of religion is coming to its own. Already, for many, it is taking the noise and the clamor of conflicting theologies seem dim, far off, unreal. It is as though they had escaped from the stained light of colored windows and the air reeking with incense and the monotonous far-off intoning of the priest out into the miracle of the living world where, lying close to the bosom of the old mother, you can feel the thrill and throb of the wonderful strength of her coming to its own in your heart as you seek it.

GIVING PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT.

A successful newspaper publisher once said, in defense of his policy, "I give the people what they want." The logic of this is that if a man desires arsenic with which to kill himself I may sell it to him. The one is as morally safe as the other.

The theory of giving people what they want finds expression in almost every form of life, but because people want a lie is no reason why a man should furnish it to them. Intellectual and moral power entail responsibility. A man has no more right to furnish a mental pabulum that will demoralize a people than he has to furnish poison with the express object of killing them.

What people want is no criterion for action. The minister who says that people want him to use old phrases which he does not believe, and observe forms which have no meaning to him, on the theory that the people want them, is not only untrue to himself but untrue to those whom he sought to serve. If the ideals of religions demand anything, they demand that the preacher shall give the people what he believes, in his heart of hearts, they ought to receive. His business is not to coddle, but to stir and stimulate to noble action. This can be done only when the preacher is noble himself; noble in his adherence to that which he believes to be true, noble in his determination to speak the whole truth and nothing but the truth. If a man conceives it his business to proclaim as truth what the people want to hear, he has by that fact declared that the object of his preaching is not to be an interpreter of life, but on the contrary, the mere earner of a wage which is given in return for a particular service demanded. It is also a denial of the highest ideal of service.

Much of the weakness and decadence of historic religion today is due to the fact that people have come to believe that preachers to a large extent are engaged in the business of giving people what they want. It is only in a free pulpit that a free man can set forth the ideal of religion in terms of what he believes the people need. Such a message has vitality and power in any age.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Bergson and Philosophy

By James G. Townsend, D. D.

SEVERAL years ago I wrote an article upon M. Bergson which was published in the *Monist* of Chicago. Mr. Henry M. Alden, Editor of *Harper's Magazine,* seeing this paper, wrote me a personal letter saying that I was perfectly fair in my treatment, and just in my estimate of M. Bergson.

In that paper I took substantially the same position I do today, that Bergson is an artist, a colorist in words, a poet, but not a philosopher. This judgment will be painful to a large number, especially of the conservatives, who have been attracted to Bergson, because they have been told that he combines with the latest philosophy the loftiest ethics and the great ideas of Christianity. He seems to come in the niche of time to comfort and strengthen them.

Is it not significant, however, that at the great meeting of naturalists recently held in Vienna, the most celebrated and the most important of the many jubilees held this year, the name of Haeckel should be so applauded, and his fifty years in the service of science and philosophy be so gratefully remembered, while so far as I know not one of these distinguished scientists and thinkers believed that Bergson had made a real contribution to philosophy. Indeed, thinkers like Bradley, Dickinson and Sir Ray Lankester reject utterly the new philosophy of Bergson because it does not rest upon experience and the men of science reject it, because it rests upon the old "dualistic soul-theory of theology," which science has shown to be an impossibility.

Bergson is, as I said above, an artist in words, and his idea of "life" which he gives us in gorgeous purple phrases as an ineffable energy invading matter and bursting at last into the wondrous human flower, is fine, but entirely unscientific, because it does not rest upon a shred of proof or fact.

Bergson also is obliged to contend that the difference between the unconscious brain of the animal and the self-conscious brain of man is a difference, not of degree, but of kind; that is, he separates man from the rest of the animal world by an impassable gulf. But listen to Haeckel: "Comparative anatomy proves the identity of the human body with the body of our anthropoid ancestors" and then he goes on to say that "no impartial philologist can hesitate any longer to admit that our elaborate, rational language has been gradually developed out of the imperfect speech of our Pliocene Simian ancestors," and the "impassable gulf" of Bergson becomes a narrow stream easily bridged.

Prof. Bergson also thinks he has dethroned the human intellect, by inventing a fanciful faculty he calls "intuition" through which the unlettered man may discover truths impossible to men of science and philosophy. Of course the emotion aroused by art, by music or religion is among the most precious and comforting things in this sad world; but it is a big illusion to think of getting real knowledge otherwise than by intelligence. There is but one method of attaining truth about real objects, and that is the method of science and philosophy. Observation may need the wings of the imagination believers, but that does not imply that observation can be superseded.

Men and women now are praising Bergson to the skies, because they think he has shown the Christian religion to be the one bright star as though it made Sirius any less bright because Orion shines above him. And because they believe he has shown that consciousness is not bound up with the brain, and that the soul is a special existence, an *etan vitol,* independent of the body, which may be true, but which Bergson certainly has not proved.

Prof. Bergson says he knows God by direct "intuition." No doubt there may be "revelations" of that kind, but in themselves what do they prove? Everything at last depends on whether or not there is a real corresponding object. And that is a matter for scientific investigation. And to this investigation the philosophy of Bergson must submit.

Their Poverty and Ours

THE articles recently appearing in THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE from the pen of Mr. Holmes, entitled "Poverty in English Cities" are not only so interesting in themselves, but are so provocative of similar recollections in the mind of anyone who, like Mr. Holmes, crossed the Atlantic in the mood to be much more deeply and vitally interested in men and women than in monuments and memorials, that the temptation arises to add another chapter to the same story as seen through a different pair of eyes.

For it is this, the terrible unashamed, and unashamed-of destitution of great masses of the English people which impresses itself most vividly on the minds of Transatlantic travellers of the more reflective kind. One hears this acknowledged often by returning tourists. "I'm glad to go home," said a brilliant and much-feted American woman, last summer. "England is so sad."

In any country under our present social system there are no doubt plenty of stories of hardship, wrong and tragedy to be found in even a slight search. In Paris they show you a column which people used to be allowed to ascend as they do the Washington Column in our national capital, but which is now closed to the public on account of the number of persons who sought death from its summit. Nevertheless misery does not jump to the eyes in Paris as it does in Liverpool, and thereafter in all the large industrial centers of England. To find it you do not really need to go into the slum districts, it keeps appearing on the surface of the national life as seaweed lifts its sluggish length to sight among troubled waters. Almost it would seem that London has gained the unenviable pre-eminence once enjoyed by the cities of Italy, of being the most beggar-infested town of Europe. From the shabby woman who dogs your footsteps on respectable streets, prefacing her anxious appeal to you to buy something you don't want with the careful statement, "I'm not begging," down to that deplorable figure which refuses to be shaken off, so long as no policeman is in sight, whining a piteous story of starving children, there is no shade of human endeavor which is not pressed into the service of extracting from the passerby something for nothing, or for a pretense at something, as in the case of the ragged man who springs out of thin air in order to pull open the door of your taxi before you.

It was in the late hours of an evening, almost approaching midnight, when an old woman stood selling matches on Southampton Row. Dressed in decent black, with a small neat figure, and the stereotyped black bonnet of the English lower middle classes, the surprise of seeing her there at such an hour arrested the feet. When a gift was placed in her hand she acknowledged it with a quiet dignity, "Thank you. It's very kind of you," in a voice and accent as refined as the words. "Good heavens, she might be our mother, she might be *anybody's* mother," was the feeling it inspired. Describing the incident to English friends they waved away the implication of sympathy with affirmation of the clever get-ups of London beggardom. It may be so. One has to remember that the taking of alms, the getting something in charity, does not bear the stigma of disgrace in England which it does with us. A couple of stout little boys, decently clad, and apparently well-fed, who stretched out mendicant hands from the curb one day became pictures of astonished bewilderment when a harassed American tourist turned upon them with the energetic inquiry, "Aren't you *ashamed* to beg?" Of course, they weren't. Nobody is. At least nobody in the great cities. Some of the countryside might perhaps tell a different tale. The very first persons we saw when we landed in Liverpool were ladies begging for sick children. Almost the last were girls on the streets of London begging for something to help cats. On the former occasion it was Alexandria Day, and Englishwomen were out everywhere selling little pink roses, the proceeds to go towards the support of children's hospitals. Little pink roses, made mostly by children themselves, at a wage of 4c or 6c a gross.

Mysterious are the ways of fashionable charity.

One of the commonest sights in the city of London is the pavement artist, the man who, kneeling on the sidewalk draws thereon in brightly colored chalks lurid

representations of landscapes, portraits, ships, or fruits. One would need the stout bag of a medieval almoner to carry enough of the national pennies to give to all of this clan. Sometimes the "artist" makes no pretence of being an artist at all, but sticks up some colored chromos on a convenient railing, and frankly begs in front of them. And once at least "he," a working artist this time, was not a man, but a woman.

It was a man, however, who sat by the side of his pitiful works of art one evening on Kingsway at so late an hour that sympathy was aroused. Perhaps there was something about his personality which made him seem a shade different from the ordinary loafing type. Just enough to make turning back to say, "You're out late tonight," easier than passing by without a word. It would be hard to say whether it were the patience in his voice, or its fine modulations which lent pathos to his answer, "Yes, lady, I've sat here *hours* for eightpence. Nobody seems to *have* any money. I think there *isn't* any money any more."

On a neighboring doorstep there crouched huddled together one of those unclean bundles of rags with a woman inside it which inspires the visiting American with so keen a repugnance to the environing social system. A repugnance fed in many ways but, in the lower parts of the city at least, perhaps in no way oftener than by the sight of a woman loafing out of a saloon with a "sup of beer," or gin perhaps, for the baby in the "pram" at the door. There is poverty enough in our own land, Heaven knows, but I do not think that even in the foreign quarters of American cities, there is ever such callous and matter-of-course display of destitution as trails about through even the respectable part of English towns, women with filthy hair falling down their backs, with clothes dragging in festoons on the streets as they walk, with shoes that as by a miracle hold together on their feet. I have seen a woman washing the steps of a store on fashionable Oxford Street with the shoes so near falling off her feet that it needed self-restraint to keep from handing out to her the price of new ones, and begging her to go buy them. But indeed the shoes of most English people are a perpetual surprise to Americans. Two of these sat on a bench in a country town in England last summer, and made it a point to gaze upon the footwear of the passing throng. "You wouldn't see quite such dreadful shoes on an ash-barrel at home," was their final verdict.

An explanation of the source of the derelict clothes of the English working-classes is offered in a book lately issued, and called *Round About a Pound a Week,* by Mrs. Pember Reeves, but it is necessary to remember that this volume does not deal with the lowest levels of English indigence, but only treats of the budgets of workers earning what is supposed to be a fairly good living wage. To such as these, Mrs. Reeves says, "Clothing is frankly a mystery," and, "Any clothes which are bought seem to be not only second hand, but in many instances, fourth and fifth hand." A working woman with whom I talked in the East End of London attributed their origin to rummage, or as they call them "jumble" sales.

And yet the women who cover themselves with these discards of the well-to-do are not brutish, or devoid of intelligence. Often I was struck with the reasoning, and the power of expression, possessed by very poor women. One of these occasions was on a day when I made a unit in an East London crowd assembled to see Mr. Lansbury led off to prison for making a speech in favor of the suffrage cause which the authorities decided savored of treason. The populace were waiting the appearance of the police with their prisoner in order to show their respect and sympathy with the latter, in the meanwhile they talked about suffrage prisoners in general and the hunger-strikers in particular. It was evident that they not only immensely admired these women, but that they were fully aware of the fact that their sacrifices were made in the interests of those too weak to speak for themselves. But it was the reason they gave for their own inability to hunger-strike which seemed most interesting. "These ladies," they said in substance, "are able to bear privation, to go without food and drink, because they have always from childhood been well taken care of, and properly nourished. But we cannot undergo what they do, neither we nor our children, because we've never had enough, nor been able to give them enough, of anything,

good food or good care, since they were born, and so there isn't the strength to fall back upon."

Indeed it is only since such patient investigation has been made as this of Mrs. Reeves, and only since the passage of the Insurance Act, which, as a Member of Parliament said last summer, has revealed the terrible fate of the English working-woman, that any part of the British public has come to realise the innumerable hardships and the extra privations imposed by England's social system on the mothers of the race. It would almost seem that every piece of legislation introduced to improve the conditions of industry either passes the woman by, or actually makes her lot harder. Thus in the mining counties the effect of the eight hour law has been to deprive the wives of the miners of any regular hours of rest. In those families which include more than one male worker, as very many of them do, there is no certainty under the rule of night and day shifts, that one worker may not arrive at the end of each eight hour period demanding the hot meal which is his recognised right, whilst the children must be fed in accordance with their hours at school.

Both custom and to a certain degree necessity decree in all poor households that the lion's share of the food must be kept for the man as breadwinner, and at the same time there are very few mothers who will not stint themselves rather than see the children hungry, therefore it follows with great regularity that the pinch of privation falls most harshly on the one who endures also the hardest physical strain of bearing and rearing the next generation. Six cents a day, Mrs. Reeves states, is the sum allowed by the working out of the family budget of "round about a pound a week," for the food of each member of the household, but in the case of the husband this is usually doubled, and the proportion deducted from the share of the rest of the family. Meanwhile the sum exacted by the Insurance Act for the husband's insurance comes out of the amount allowed for food—because where else could it come from?—and is equivalent to two days' food allowance for the wife. How any being can be kept alive on the sum of four, or even six cents a day, is, to anyone who knows anything at all about the price of food stuffs in England, an insoluble mystery. But were the amounts doubled it would still remain such.

The explanation of the lack of public odium attached to mendicancy in England would seem to lie in the hereditary nature of English pauperization. For generations, perhaps for centuries, the English social system has denied opportunities for self-help and self-advancement to her "common people." For them the supreme and inevitable virtue consisted in respect to superiors, and a cheerful and unquestioning acceptance of their inferior place. "To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters," was the first commandment, and "To do my duty diligently in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call me," the second. Today an English squire has told me that the first duty of a "menial," that is, of a man or woman in his pay, is respect to himself. Hannah More's ideal peasant who earned a shilling a day, and lived "on the promises" (of the Gospel) would fulfill the type exactly. Perhaps English children (with the shadow of revolution at their doors) are still taught to repeat the verses written fifty years ago by a bishop's wife:

"The rich man in his palace,
The poor man at the gate,
God made them high and lowly,
And ordered their estate."

But English people, after all being human, could not stand by whilst the God-ordained poor starved to death in shoals, therefore they dealt out alms. And the lack of honest opportunity to rise and prosper on the one hand, combined with the perennial charity on the other, have conspired to sap the backbone of English character, and to rear a substratum of degenerates.

Perhaps it is in the north and the Midlands, among the coal miners, that this is most clearly demonstrated. Here wages are high, though not always constant. A miner, with one or two sons working, as often happens, may bring home each week an average in wages of twenty-five to thirty dollars, a sum which is really wealth when compared with the living expenses of the family. And yet, by the general testimony, such virtues as thrift or reasonable economy are un-

known in these households. The money is squandered in all sorts of foolish and harmful ways as soon as earned, and when a strike, or slack times occur, the family "goes on the parish," or borrows of kind-hearted better-class folk sums which they never dream of repaying when work is good again.

To visit the factory or mining towns of the Midlands is in itself almost enough to inspire a stranger with the sense that no real virtue nor happiness could endure in places so hideous, so absolutely devoid of any incentive to real humanness. Black as soot and grime can make them, squalid as the dreams of a jerry builder, destitute in their desolate monotony of any trace of privacy or of individuality, is it any wonder that the beings who grow up in them grow up to their likeness? There came my way a story which shows how they impress English people, even of the poorer classes, but raised among opposite conditions, the English of the Westmoreland dales, where still linger the old spirit of hard, simple, kindly, independent living, the old native craving for the company of flowers and animals, the real if unconscious love of beauty. A group of English youths of the working classes were being taken on the train from their native dale to spend a day by the seashore, and the way lay through a typical manufacturing town. As the train was crossing a viaduct one of the youths put his head out of the window to gaze down into the heart of the black, noisome, squalid streets. Quickly he drew it back with a dazed expression, saying in his broad north country tongue, "Yon's a ruum soarrt o' pleaace." A second looked out, and delivered himself as follows, "By guum, a baack sluum t'ell, A calls ut."

"A back slum to hell" for folk whose kin thirty miles away were breathing in the beauty of the fells and tarns, who need but a spoonful of earth to make a flower grow, and whose sturdy strength makes light of doing what one of these boys did, rising at three a. m. to walk nine miles to the railroad station to join the excursion, putting in a day of sightseeing at the seaside, reaching home, after another nine mile tramp, about six o'clock on the morning of the next day, and, without an hour's rest, joining his brother at the forge for a full day's work. That is the stuff of which the old English race was made.

Not without its leaven of idealism either. It was a young Westmoreland blacksmith who, being required to speak at a Methodist class-meeting, and suspecting that some of the more educated brethren were secretly ridiculing his untrained address, broke into this bit of native, rustic poetry, "I'm no astronomer, but I can pick out the Bright and Morning Star. And I'm no botanist but I can tell the Rose of Sharon. And I've not much geography, but I know how to find the Way to the Cross."

Dr. Collyer would have liked that, and kinned to it.

Still as one goes up and down the length and breadth of England, the unanswered petition of a forgotten poet and social reformer, of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer, must ring in one's ears,

"When wilt thou save the people,
Lord God of mercy, when,
Not kings and lords but nations,
Not crowns and thrones, but men?"

What is the use, it may be asked, of bringing these scattered observations and incidents before the attention of an American audience? None, if we are justified in our general conviction that, though moral calamity may overtake other nations, it can never come near us. They, we clearly see, have walked in a great illusion. Then what is our conception of the meaning of life? Certainly nothing can be further than is our modern spirit from that with which our country was founded. Dark and distorted as much of the theology of our ancestors seems to us today, cruel and narrow as the Puritan often was in his practical life, we cannot but acknowledge that the spirit of that life was consecration to a higher ideal than most of us are conscious of today. Reading the settlement of New England we cannot but recall that which Wordsworth wrote of the shaping of his own youth, "vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given; that I should be, else singing greatly,
A dedicated spirit."

Today the categorical imperative is not to be too much in earnest. The one un-

forgivable sin is a serious outlook. Having fully decided that nothing matters very much except having a good time, and material success, we resent very keenly anyone or anything which interferes with our amusement.

Perhaps the two tendencies most marked in our national life today are, on the one hand, the spirit of altruism, the agency which establishes social settlements, and civic reforms and public libraries, and, on the other, the slackening of personal moral fibre. The things which by common consent we all dread most are the lack of material possessions, poverty, self-denial. "Loyalty is above all, disloyalty degrades all"—had we to translate the high old French proverb into modern terms it would appear something to this effect—"Pleasure is above all, poverty shames all." The denials imposed by lack of means are the things we cannot tolerate for ourselves, for our children, nor in lesser degree for other people. To them we prefer the laying of body and soul on the altar of gain, in the fear of them we tolerate corruption and falsity in high places. And at the bidding of this Mephistopheles of our social life we waver between attempts at communal benevolence, and periods of rank self-seeking. We believe in Christ by fits and starts, and in Epicurus in between. Nationally we seek the easy way, and call self-indulgence obedience to natural law.

And because of the decay of the religious consciousness, and the lack of any sense of correspondence between our lives and any ideal of unknown perfection, much of our philanthropy is done from second rate motives, and wholly misses its mark.

What do the ultimate verities care whether national immorality manifests in one nation in a deadly grasp on place, and power, and privilege, at whatever cost to the rest of the community; or in another as a headlong search for pleasure and profit? What does it really signify whether the road of selfish exaction be travelled wrapped in the cloak of assumption of a divine sanction imparted by birth, or heralded by the assertion of the divine right of man to wrest his good from the universe at any cost to others?

But we teach our children, and our children well believe, that the one intolerable thing is that they should be denied any material good that any one else enjoys. Grown to men and women they think it no evil to snatch at all pleasure, even though in so doing they may be wronging the dignity of their manhood and womanhood, breaking hearts that trusted in them, and bringing down ideals to the dust, but satisfied with the flimsy excuse, "This is due to me because I need recreation. Because in general life is stern with me. Because I have had to miss so many good times."

What does the stereotyped excuse of our unpublic-spirited business men amount to, when reduced to its elements? "I know that my city is badly managed, and that corruption rules, but I haven't time to do anything about it. I have my living to earn." Translated, "If I did my duty to the town and the nation which surrounds me with benefit and privilege I might be a little poorer than I am now."

The poverty, the caste system, of the Old World horrifies us, but do we know how to put anything better in its place? I think we shall not so long as we leave the Christ spirit out of life.

For the Christ spirit does not mean seeking out little children, or big ones, and supplying them with baubles that they lacked. Still less in seizing baubles for ourselves. More it seems to mean a life consciously dedicated to high ideals, and holding to them without amazement through dark and bitter places. The Christ spirit does not seem to recognize any claim on our part for personal happiness. When we look for it, when we falter for lack of it, we seem to see what Father Tyrell saw, "That strange man on the cross who drives one back again and again." Not the Cross of Calvary, or not that alone, but the never-passing Cross of Humanity.

Rodin has told us the secret of the Greek achievement of beauty. Not that one and another Grecian made perfect statues, or splendid buildings, but that the whole consciousness of the nation was transfused with the sense of beauty, because the love of art and of grace dwelt with them in the thought of their daily lives. If brotherhood were in our thought as beauty was in theirs, could we preach of it so much yet be so harsh to one another, and so inconsistent within and without ourselves? K. W.

The Modern Church and Social Justice

CONDUCTED BY REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

IT IS a good deal of a surprise to the American landing in England and looking into the Woman Suffrage situation a bit, to discover that the Militants, as they are called the world around, constitute a very small and comparatively unimportant part of the great English suffrage movement as a whole. To judge from the despatches published in our newspapers, Militancy and Suffrage are synonymous terms in the British Isles, and nothing of any moment ever happens in the campaign for "votes for women" excepting under the banner of Mrs. Pankhurst—a fact for which our editors and correspondents are perhaps not exclusively to blame! But no intelligent observer can be in Great Britain many weeks without realizing that the Militants are nothing but an insignificant, even though very noisy, eddy in the mighty stream of onsweeping suffrage sentiment. Certainly this was the case at the time of my visit last summer. I had not been in England a fortnight before I discovered that the real movement for female enfranchisement was in the hands of a vast organized host of men and women, comparable in every way with the men and women enlisted in the same cause here in America, and that events were taking place all of the time, under the wise and consecrated leadership of these people, which bore about the same relation to the activities of the Militants that the silent rising of the sun bears to the flash-bang of a fussy fire-cracker. A marvellously impressive demonstration of this fact was seen in the series of pilgrimages, with the characteristic climatic mass-assemblage in Hyde Park, London, which took place in the latter part of July and the early part of August. From all the four quarters of England there started out, at pre-arranged intervals, little groups of suffrage pilgrims, prepared to walk, like Jeanie Deaus, to London. After the example of Gen. Rosalie Jones's armies in this country, these marching bands of apostles scattered literature broadcast in every road over which they passed, and morning, noon and night, held public rallies in open fields, on village greens, in city squares, in town halls, and, whenever opportunity offered, in Christian churches. As the marchers journeyed from place to place, new recruits joined their ranks, and an ever-swelling tide of enthusiasm followed in their train, until as they neared the capital all England seemed to be aflame. Finally, on a given Saturday evening, all of the bands, now greatly augmented in numbers, arrived simultaneously at the gates of London; on the following Sunday morning they poured through every gate into the city like invading armies; with one accord they converged upon Hyde Park, and there, in the early afternoon, met a welcoming assemblage of citizens variously estimated to be from 50,000 to 100,000 in number. All through the long hours until night-fall, this mighty throng was addressed by picked speakers from a hundred separate platforms, and was moved to such enthusiasm as has seldom been displayed even on this historic field of public debate. I was not in London at the time, and therefore was unable to be a witness of this stupendous demonstration, but for this very reason can I bear the better testimony to the profound impression which it made upon people in the more remote sections of the kingdom. And all of this work, which probably was not reported across the seas at all, was achieved by women who have no connection with Mrs. Pankhurst's organization, who take very great pains to disavow all militant tactics, and who constitute the great bulk of the suffrage sentiment of England. The English workers are like our American workers in character, methods and ideals. Those who know the movement in this country know the movement in Great Britain at the same time.

It is this very similarity of the movements in the two countries, in all their general and prevailing characteristics, I suppose, which inevitably tends to make any discussion of English suffrage a discussion of the Militants. These women constitute the one factor in the situation which is wholly unique, and the one factor therefore about which we are most anxious to learn. What about "votes for

women" in England always means what about Mrs. Pankhurst, Sylvia and Christabel, and the Woman's Social and Political Union? This at least is what it meant to me, and it was to this therefore that I gave the larger portion of my attention in such investigation as I was able to make of the suffrage situation.

Although in England only two months and busied all of that brief time with many other things, I saw a good deal of the Militants first and last, although I was not so fortunate as to meet with any one of their more distinguished and influential leaders. In my first week in London I attended a great meeting in Queens Hall, called to protest against the Cat-and-Mouse Act. Three separate times in August I attended open-air rallies held under the auspices of the Militants in Hyde Park. Once I visited the headquarters of the Social and Political Union—a place throbbing with energy and excitement—and talked with the workers whom I found there. I bought the weekly issues of the Militant Paper, usually of women standing on the street corners, and while fumbling with deliberate stupidity over my unfamiliar change, found opportunity to discuss with them the current phases of the situation. I took pains to read this paper regularly with great care, and to enter into its spirit as sympathetically as possible. Twice while I was in London, there was fierce rioting, with political battles between the police and the Militant cohorts, but both times I was "out of it." On the first occasion the outbreak occurred at Trafalgar Square, while I was in Hyde Park. Hustling to Trafalgar Square the next Sunday, so as to be sure to be on hand in the event of renewed trouble, I found everything as quiet as a grave-yard, and read in my paper the next morning that this time the rioting had taken place at Hyde Park. Complaining to a Militant, at a later open-air rally, that I never knew just where to find their speakers, I was informed that previous announcements were never made, as they desired to evade the police as far as possible!

Before going to England I had always viewed the Militant movement with some degree of sympathy. I recognized, as I recognize still, the splendid determination and courage of these women, and that martyr-spirit which stirs them to an unquestioned willingness to suffer any deprivation and torture, and meet even death itself, for the sake of the cause which they have at heart. Beyond this, however, I hoped, although I had no evidence for my hope, that there were reasons unknown to any non-Englishman, which justified, in some measure at least, the violent methods which they had adopted for the furtherance of their aims. I hated to believe that so much consecration could be wholly without reason or at least excuse. Such study, however, as I was able to give the movement at first-hand, in the ways enumerated above, impelled me to a reluctant conviction that no such justification was to be found.

In the first place, it is to be noted that the Militant movement today is a very different thing from what it was in the beginning. In its initial form, it seems to me that it was not only legitimate but exceedingly clever and effective. Public meetings in defiance of restrictive and repressive police regulations, petitions to the Prime Minister and the House of Commons, the besieging of the Premier and the Parliament when these petitions were refused, heckling of hostile speakers at political rallies, mass-demonstrations or processions on occasions of public interest, passive resistance to taxation, arrest and trial—all these expedients were perfectly proper, and undoubtedly brought the suffrage cause to the attention of the Kingdom as had never been done before. But today these methods have been superseded by violence of the most outrageous description. Smashing of windows, destruction of mail, slashing of paintings, burning of private houses, assault and battery upon ministers of the crown—these are things never contemplated at the start of the campaign, and not yet successfully defended today. The sweeping change which has almost unconsciously come over the movement in the last two or three years was described to me in a striking sentence by Mrs. Philip Snowden, the eminent non-militant suffrage leader. She was entertaining me at tea on the terrace of the House of Parliament, and we were talking earnestly of Militancy. "Much could be said for it once," she said, "but nothing today! In the beginning the Militant was glad to suffer anything for the cause. Now she

is glad to make other people suffer anything for the cause. That isn't fair!"

A second point which was impressed upon me is this—that there is no slightest excuse which can be cited in the present situation of the suffrage cause in England to justify a resort to open violence. I have never yet been able to persuade myself that appeal to this dreadful weapon of violence can always be condemned as wrong. There are occasions, even in this modern world, I am constrained to believe, when resort to force may be morally defensible. But Walter Rauschenbusch is unquestionably right when he quotes with approval, in his *Christianizing of the Social Order,* the saying of Livy, "War is just for those to whom it is necessary, and arms holy for those to whom no hope is left except in arms," and adds to this his own dictum, "The test of brute strength is the *ultima ratio* when all higher arguments have proved vain."

Tried by this not illiberal test, there is not a thing that can be said, it seems to me, in justification of the present operations of the Militants. A degree of free speech is permitted in the United Kingdom which is unparalleled in any other part of the inhabited world. A rigorous libel law seems at times to fetter the press, but the Militants have for years been publishing a highly belligerent journal, with only very occasional and sporadic interference from the public authorities. Every channel of public education and influence known to the modern institutions of democracy are at the disposal of the women suffragists as of all other reformers in England, and, if they have a cause which can win assent, it is their own fault if it does not do so. If they were seriously interfered with in their preaching of their gospel, if their meetings were broken up, their papers confiscated and their leaders exiled and slain—they might well draw the sword and light the torch. But never did I find a single Militant who complained of any ill-treatment in any one of these directions. The most that I ever heard any one of them say, either on a public platform or to me privately, was that the Englishman was not open to argument, and must therefore be driven to the desired reform by violence. A statement as false from the historical point of view as it is from the psychological! In no country in the modern world has the progress of political democracy been more steady or more rapid during the last one hundred years than it has in England, and in no country have the victories been won more plainly by the true democratic methods of education, debate, and counting heads. 1832, 1867, and above all things else the stupendous events of the present Asquith ministry, show conclusively that public sentiment in England, properly instructed, organized and directed, can accomplish anything! The Non-Militants are right from every point of view in their reiterated insistence that the extension of suffrage to women can be secured in exactly the same way that the extension of suffrage to men has been secured on several separate occasions.

And this blindness of the Militants to the unjustifiable character of the campaign becomes all the more evident when one sees how near the cause is to actual success—or was before the present outrages of the Militants broke upon the Kingdom! It is not too much to say—or was not, up to a year or so ago!—that the political life of only one man stands in the way of the complete and immediate triumph of the cause—namely, Mr. Asquith. The present premier is sincerely opposed to "votes for women," and while he remains at the head of the government, little can be hoped for the movement. But his political life can be continued at the most only a few years longer, and behind him there stands—what? A Liberal Party, whose largest element is pledged to woman suffrage, and whose two most influential leaders, Sir Edward Grey and Lloyd George, one of whom must be Mr. Asquith's successor, are ardent champions of the cause! A Labor Party, solid for woman suffrage! And a Unionist Party, a large number of whose members are suffragists, and whose ablest leader, Mr. Balfour, is committed to the movement! All that was needed was an unremitting propaganda—and patience. And the cause was won! But now, as Lloyd George has more than once regretfully declared, the Militants have made the issue impossible, and thus driven every advocate to cover!

It is this which constitutes the final

error of the Militant movement—its utter futility. Nay, worse, its utter fatality! It is only simple truth to say that the Militants are the best friends the anti-suffragists have. Every window that is smashed, every house that is burned, every minister that is assaulted, only weakens the movement, and postpones the day of victory. Public sentiment, so far as I could sound it last summer, was being fast driven to that desperate kind of obstinacy which is like granite to overcome. Nearly every man I talked with, was in the mood of saying, "I'll be d— if I'll give in to these women." Worse still was the position of the politicians. Mr. Philip Snowden, the eminent Socialist, in talking with me about the matter said, "No member of the Commons would dare to support suffrage today, and if a general election were held tomorrow every one of us who is popularly known as a suffragist would be threatened with defeat."

All in all, the judgment passed upon the Militants must be severe. Sincere, devoted, heroic, as they are, they are hurting their cause terribly, to the great distress of all true friends of the cause. And yet, let it not be forgotten, as I have said, that they are but an eddy in the stream. The great woman suffrage cause is sweeping on, and some day, when wiser counsels prevail, will win!

The Unitarian Name and the Congregational Faith

From *The Congregationalist.*

NOWHERE are the relations of Congregational and Unitarian churches more interlocked than in New England. The fact that ministerial pension funds antedating the nearly century-old break between them still serve alike for ministers of both denominations is an instance in point. The recent plans for co-operation of the three divinity schools, Congregational, Unitarian and Episcopal, which are neighbors in Cambridge, all of which draw upon the resources of Harvard University, is another illustration of these inevitable and rightly cordial relations in the field of scholarship. The left wing of Congregationalism and the right wing of Unitarianism are and for a long time have been in this New England territory closely sympathetic in their outlook upon practical Christian opportunities of work. It is no surprise to us, therefore, that some of the brethren on both sides feel that the barrier between the two denominations should be broken down.

At the May meetings in Boston, which are the great ecclesiastical gatherings of Unitarianism, a definite proposition was made by Rev. Thomas Van Ness, pastor of the Second Unitarian Church of Brookline, that the name "Unitarian" should be dropped, and that the orthodox Congregationalists should be invited to abandon the minor "doctrinal and creedal statements drawn up by their grandfathers." To the right of a body of churches to call themselves by any name they please, so long as it implies no exclusive claims to Christ and his authority, we could not as Congregationalists, even if we desired, make objections. We have never felt that the name "Unitarian" was a happy denominational designation. From our point of view the principal objection to Dr. Van Ness's proposal would be that it might tend to popular confusion of thought. Were the Unitarian churches to call themselves Congregational, the public must often be misled in regard to real differences of purpose and point of view. That, however, is a matter for the Unitarian churches to consider in their own interest. Outside of New England, outside, indeed, of Eastern Massachusetts, the comparative rarity of Unitarian churches, except in the great cities, might greatly minimize this difficulty.

We have no desire at this time to enter into a discussion of the doctrinal points at issue between the two groups of churches and schools of thought. It may be well, however, to put on record what seem to us the distinctive qualities which

lie at the heart of Congregationalism. The Congregational churches that can best fulfill their mission of service to Christ in helping to build up the Kingdom of God, in America and in the world, rest upon the acceptance of Christ as the full revelation of God's character and purpose and the living and active leader of the Church in its work. Their ultimate purpose in education and in evangelism alike is to bring men into personal relations with Christ and to make him the supreme ruler of moral life and social methods. Christ is king in his own Church. All those who are in sympathy with us in this purpose of loyalty to Christ as the revealer of the loving fatherhood of God and promoter of the active brotherhood of man that calls for justice and for love are entirely welcome in our wide and comprehensive Congregational brotherhood.

The fact that at the recent anniversary in Boston the American Unitarian Association authorized Pres. Samuel A. Eliot to appoint ten men to consider the possibilities of modifying the name of the Unitarian churches shows considerable dissatisfaction with the present designation as inadequate and misleading as well as a desire for one that will be broader and less theological. The suggestion emanated from Sec. Lewis J. Wilson of the Association and was received with considerable favor. If this discussion among Unitarians of a change of name should be accompanied by an effort to restate, either in terms of their own choosing or in the confession of some other body such as our Kansas City declaration, what they actually believe, then the Congregational churches would have a definite basis on which to consider a possible closer approach.

We do not anticipate a very general and speedy response in either wing to the suggestion of union. The differences in point of view, in mood and atmosphere, in actual beliefs between many Trinitarians and many Unitarians are still so vital and deep-going that any agitation of reunion on a large scale would be sure to rekindle the fires of unprofitable controversy. We are living, to be sure, at a time when the tides of unity are moving more swiftly than ever, and it may be within the providence of God to heal some of the differences that a century ago split apart the Congregational churches of New England. Possibilities in individual instances should certainly be considered calmly and in a brotherly spirit. The honor of Jesus Christ and the place which he holds in the affections of those who call him Redeemer and Lord are never jeopardized or invalidated when those who call themselves his disciples and followers try to understand one another better and for his sake and for the world's sake, to love one another more.

Our Readers' Exchange

CONFERENCE PROGRAM.

Editor The Unitarian Advance:

At the recent Western Unitarian Conference in Chicago, I was much interested in the various addresses which made up the program. They were intellectual treats and could only have been prepared by men and women of intellectual force. Many of the thoughts were brilliant, but it does seem to me that there was too much theology and higher criticism and not enough of the practical things of life. I would like to have heard more of Mrs. Peterson. The Unitarian church, unfettered by tradition and dogma, should be in the front rank, demonstrating the practicality of its declaration of principles, the brotherhood of man and salvation through character. This is an age of practice, not of theory, except as exemplified in practice. It seems to me the Unitarian church is the one church that can consistently launch out upon the sea of discontent, which is now world-wide, and still its waters by the application of the oil of common sense to the mountain high waves of social problems which threaten the overthrow of all restraint. These problems are not political, yet in their despair, people are endeavoring to solve them via political parties. I am confident that if the

intellect in the Unitarian church be brought to bear upon these problems, a solution can be found which will settle them. The church that applies itself to these problems will prosper. Those churches which do not will die, and they should. If we settle the "pending problems" the "Jesus Problem" will take care of itself. W. A. GLIMPSE.

Bloomington, Ill., June 6, 1914.

PRAYER AND MODERN THOUGHT.

EDITOR ADVANCE:

I was much interested in the contribution in your May number by the Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly of Lincoln, Neb., on "Religion and Modern Thought." The writer said many excellent and inspiring things. But when he touched upon "that most sacred of all human experiences, prayer," an earnest protest from the depths of my soul sought expression. For if science does not acknowledge any room for prayer, nor feel any need therefor, then I shall feel impelled to camp outside of that realm of thought. Yet I am a friend to science; have been and still am an ardent admirer of the investigations and marvelous discoveries of science; and I still believe that there is no conflict between real science and true prayer. In fact, science itself is a form of prayer.

"Science only knows a world of law from which there is no escape," says your contributor. Very well. But the word *"Only"* in the sentence, simply indicates the importance of science in respect to another world of reality and deeper significance. We have not, be assured, the least desire to *"escape"* that *"world of law,"* but we do crave and enjoy a vital relation to and communion with the world of spirit and of love—this world of inner truth and eternal reality. This world does not—*cannot*—appeal to our organs of mere sense, but rather to the emotions of spirit and the sentiments of a divine love—"And spirit may with spirit meet."

Herein is the secret key to all worthy living and noble achievement; and men *do apply* this key of knowledge whether they realize it or not, simply by instinct. And this is indeed "the mystery of Godliness," whether in the ancient or modern world. And modern thought, with all its assumed assurance and display of its credentials, can never eliminate this deep fact of human experience. The humble heart *knows* when perhaps the prouder intellect is simply guessing. One might suppose that modern thought were some newly discovered goddess whose judgment is infallible and whose dominion is universal, if there were no finer tests of life and experience. But modern thought needs a deeper reverence. It is simply a search for truth and reality.

The difficulty is easily accounted for. Our rebound from the errors and superstitions of the past has been—and quite naturally so—too great in the sum-total to stand the test of a fuller investigation and a riper experience. We are at present, I think, in greater danger from an incomplete investigation in the world of science than we are from superstition and fear in religion. Some of the fully accepted inductions of science, and fundamentally considered, are even now being subjected to critical revision by earnest and capable minds.

For example, *light* neither comes to our world from the sun, as is generally believed, nor does it travel at the rate of 186,000 or more miles per second, it is now declared. The source of our light is in the current of electricity which surrounds the earth and, by a law of polarization, is produced in immediate relation to the earth. And what next?

In the meantime, however, we shall continue to "pray to Our Father who seeth in secret," and to rejoice in His presence and love.

J. A. BALDRIDGE,

Oklahoma City, Okla.

TO THE CLERGY OF THE UNITED STATES.

A LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE CHURCH PEACE UNION.

GENTLEMEN:

Through the kindness of the press, I am taking this opportunity of addressing you concerning some matters in which you will be greatly interested, and of asking your kindly coöperation in the great cause of furthering international goodwill.

In the first place, The Church Peace Union has authorized me to offer to the churches five thousand dollars ($5,000) in prizes for the best essays on international peace. The sum is apportioned as follows:

1. A prize of one thousand dollars ($1,000) for the best monograph of between 15,000 and 25,000 words on any phase of international peace by any pastor of any church in the United States.

2. Three prizes, one of five hundred dollars ($500), one of three hundred dollars ($300), and one of two hundred dollars ($200), for the three best essays on international peace by students of the theological seminaries in the United States.

3. One thousand dollars ($1,000) in ten prizes of one hundred dollars ($100) each to any church member between twenty (20) and thirty (30) years of age.

4. Twenty (20) prizes of fifty dollars ($50) each to Sunday-school pupils between fifteen (15) and twenty (20) years of age.

5. Fifty (50) prizes of twenty dollars ($20) each to Sunday-school pupils between ten (10) and fifteen (15) years of age.

In the accomplishing of the desired results among the church members and the Sunday-school pupils, and in the awarding of the prizes, The Church Peace Union will have to depend largely upon the assistance which the pastors can render. It is earnestly hoped that the pastors will make the announcement of these prizes in all of the churches and Sunday schools of the United States. In competing for the prizes only one essay should be sent from each church and from each Sunday school, the essays of the local church and Sunday school being read by a local committee and the one winning essay forwarded.

It is hoped that from the thousand dollar ($1,000) prize offered to clergymen one or more essays may be found which will be worthy, not only of the prize, but also of publication and distribution by the Foundation.

All essays must be in by January 1, 1915.

Further particulars about these prizes, as well as literature to be used in the preparation of the essays, and lists of books can be secured by addressing the Secretary of The Church Peace Union, Rev. Frederick Lynch, D. D., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The churches of the country will be interested in knowing that a world conference of ministers interested in the peace movement has been called by The Church Peace Union for the first week in August (3d to 8th) in Switzerland. The German Church Peace Council and the British Church Peace Council are arranging to carry a large number of delegates to this conference, and they hope to meet there many clergymen from America. It will be a rare opportunity for the American clergymen to meet their European brethren. This conference will be of an intimate nature rather than of the nature of a great public demonstration, but it is hoped that it may lead up to a great world congress of the churches in the near future. While the Union is asking the churches to appoint official delegates, and while several of the leading peace workers among the clergy have been especially asked by the Union to attend this conference, *every clergyman traveling in Europe in August* is not only invited most cordially to be present, but if he is interested in the great world movement toward closer brotherhood and goodwill and the union of the churches in all social reform, he is strongly urged to take part in the discussions. The only credentials demanded will be the desire to help the cause. A great many American clergymen will be traveling in Europe this summer, and the Union earnestly hopes that they will adjust their tour so as to be in Switzerland for this first week in August. I would like to hear as soon as possible from any clergyman who is to be in Europe this summer and who would be interested in taking part in this gathering. It will be a very unique meeting, the first of its nature ever held, perhaps the beginning of a great movement. Whoever attends will have the opportunity of meeting some of the leading pastors of both Great Britain and the Continent.

(Signed) FREDERICK LYNCH,
Secretary.

Church Efficiency

CONDUCTED BY EMERSON P. HARRIS.

A Department devoted to making our churches more useful. Brief questions, suggestions and responses are solicited. Address all communications to Mr. Emerson P. Harris, 16 Rockledge Road, Montclair, N. J.

"CATCH MY PAL."

ONE day Rev. R. J. Patterson, then parson in a small town in Ireland, picked up half a dozen drinkers on the street corner, and began to talk to them. He has a good-natured, friendly manner which wins men's hearts, and as a result of the talk he persuaded each man not only to sign the pledge, after six days deliberation, but to sign with the understanding that to the next meeting, set for a week later, he should bring with him another recruit. This plan for doubling the ranks at every meeting has resulted in astonishing growth in the movement, so that "Catch My Pal" has spread, in an incredibly short time, over Ireland, Scotland, England, and Wales, and now embraces some hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand converts, both men and women.

These novel methods not only serve to swell the ranks, but react very beneficially on the converts themselves. Each recruit not only abstains from drink, but from the very moment of his conversion he becomes a missionary whose duty and privilege it is to traverse the highways and byways in search of others who need the same sort of relief which he himself has found. His fervor is continually kept hot within him, for only by example and by conviction based upon good reasoning can he hope to "catch his pal." This gives him positive work to do, in place of merely negative abstention from evil. And it brings about the conversion of the drinking man by one whose experience with liquor and its evil effects qualifies him to speak.

Those of us who heard Rev. Patterson, or read his book on *The Happy Art of Catching Men,* were deeply impressed, not only with the novelty of the methods and with their success, but with the possibility of using these same methods in the intensive cultivation of our own missionary field. What success might not follow if we were to impress old and new recruits to liberal religion with their obligation to pass on what they have received? When our friends in other denominations talk of foreign missions we are prone to minimize the importance of this work. Some of us even tell those same friends that we think there is plenty of work to be done at home—right here in America. And there is. But do we do it? Do we not rather let our missionary fervor die within us, instead of "spreading the gospel" among friends and neighbors who, perhaps unconsciously, hunger and thirst to receive the quickening and inspiring influence of a large and free faith.

"The Salvation Army," we hear said again, and again, "reaches people the churches never can." Like the "Catch My Pal" movement, the Salvation Army, every man and woman of it, keeps on the job: this accounts in large measure for the success of these organizations.

Does not the fact that there are hundreds and thousands of people outside our ranks, including those who believe as we do and who need what we have to give in inspiration and opportunity for service, point to a real vital need? What is the answer?

"THE CHURCH, THE PEOPLE, AND THE AGE."

WHEN Robert Scott and George William Gilmore, eidtors of the *Homiletic Review,* started out to compile a book of the above title "there were two facts uppermost in the minds of the editors: (1) There appeared to be a widespread indifference to the claims of the church, (2) There were many who might easily be numbered as having the interests of the kingdom of God at heart, yet were not enrolled members of the organized church." The editors "communicated with the leaders of thought in Europe and America to ascertain their views concerning the indifference of a considerable number to the organized church, and also as to the basis and direction for a fundamental theology of the church for the age in which we live." The one hundred and five contributions received represent the fields of religion, theology, science and literature. Each contributor was asked by the editors whether, in his opinion, many were deterred from joining the church on account of the nature of the creedal requirements who would, as Abraham Lincoln said, "join with all his heart and all his soul the church which inscribed over its altar only 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and thy neighbor as thyself"; and "Can a theology be unassailable and final that does not accord with the assured results of science?"

The answers range all the way from urging thick and thin requirement of the most lurid and complicated creeds to Havelock Ellis who writes, "I regard religion as a private matter between the individual and the Infinite with which no third party has any concern. So far as regards religion, it seems to me therefore of little consequence what the churches do or leave undone."

Some who believe in creeds would either treat them as a sort of working plan not literally subscribed to by the ordinary layman but by ministers and deacons; while others would have creeds but construe them very freely.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot condemns the unbelievable creeds and commends the Unitarians for having no creed. Dr. Beck-

with of Chicago quotes what Dr. Eliot says about the Unitarian denomination being small, and concludes that the absence of a creed "has no power to attract adherents or even attention to it.

There is quite general concurrence in the conclusion that the church is treated with increasing indifference, but there are no reasons given which are noticeable for their novelty; and still the book is valuable for analysis and diagnosis. Some of those who feel that Lincoln's creed is rather a manifestation than a creed urge that what is needed in the church is a source of insight and power, which, while it will find its expression in love to God and love to man, has a right to look behind these for that which will bring them to pass in the human heart.

The book will doubtless be widely read and will richly repay the reading. It is one of the most serious of the many inquiries as to the function of the modern church.

Funk and Wagnalls Co., $3 00.

WESTERN CONFERENCE NEWS.

Ministerial Personals.

Dr. Thayer plans to remain at his home in Cincinnati at least until the end of August.

Rev. Minot Simons of Cleveland is to spend his vacation on the Maine coast at Prout's Neck. Mr. Simons has declined all invitations to preach or to take part in conferences during the summer, as he feels the need of the entire two months' rest to fit him for the work of the year to come.

Rev. T. H. Marshall of Dayton, who was in a Chicago hospital during the time of our annual meeting, has returned to Dayton and reports returning strength and growing assurance of the complete success of the operation performed early in May.

Rev. E. R. Shippen of Detroit will spend July and August at Powder Point, Duxbury, Mass.

Unity Church, Chicago, will be closed during July and August. Mr. Hawley will spend his vacation in Michigan, but may be reached at any time through the Western Headquarters at 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

The First Unitarian Society at Chicago will be open until the middle of July, after which time Mr. Pulsford will either take a trip into the far Northwest or go to Europe.

Rev. C. W. Reese, pastor of the church at Alton, Ill., will be in residence at Lincoln Center, Chicago, during the summer and will attend the summer session of Chicago University. Dr. Reese has recently received an increase in salary.

Rev. John W. Day, pastor of the Church of the Messiah at St. Louis, expects to spend the summer in France and England. Dr. Dodson will remain in St. Louis during the summer.

Rev. Maxwell Savage of the Church of the Messiah, Louisville, Ky., will go to the Maine coast for the summer.

Rev. F. S. C. Wicks of Indianapolis will spend his vacation in Eastern Massachusetts, preaching at the Arlington Street Church Boston, the First Church in Dorchester, the First Church in Milton and at the Isle of Shoals.

Rev. Walter F. Greenman of the Milwaukee church will spend the summer as usual in his cottage at Lunenburg, Mass. The Milwaukee church has just adopted the new hymn and service book.

Rev. George R. Gebauer of Duluth will keep his church open during the greater part of July and will then go to the East, preaching at New York, Milton, Portland and Bar Harbor.

Rev. Horace Westwood of All Souls Church at Winnipeg was a guest at the commencement exercises of Lombard College at Galesburg, Ill., and received the honorary degree of D. D. from the institution in recognition of his work for liberal religion in the Northwest.

Report of Treasurer of Western Unitarian Conference for Year Ending May 1, 1914.

RECEIPTS.

Interest on investments	$1,972.58	
Subscriptions from churches, individuals and conference collection	1,815.67	$3,788.25

EXPENDITURES.

General Expense	$ 216.61	
Salaries	2,860.00	
Office expenses	652.77	3,729.38
Balance		$ 58.87

BALANCE SHEET AS OF MAY 15, 1914.

Trust funds	$36,283.46	
Working capital	2,050.93	$38,334.39
Investments	$36,538.82	
Cash in hand	1,795.57	$38,334.39

The trust funds were increased the past year through the sale of the church building at Superior, Wisconsin, by the amount of $400.00.

This sum may be recalled at any time within twenty years, until then, the conference will have the income to use for its own purposes.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM CHURCHES.

Alton, Ill.	$ 10.00
Ann Arbor, Mich.	10.00
Bloomington, Ill.	20.00
Brooklyn, Mich.	2.00
Buda, Ill.	5.00
Burlington, Iowa	15.00
Champaign, Ill.	12.50
Chicago:	
First	250.00
Unity	100.00
Third	25.00
All Souls	25.00
Associate Alliance	15.00
Cincinnati, O.	100.00
Cleveland, O.	300.00
Dayton, O.	10.00
Des Moines, Iowa	55.00
Detroit, Mich.	50.00

Duluth, Minn.	12.50
Evanston, Ill.	20.00
Geneseo, Ill.	32.82
Grand Rapids, Holland	5.00
Hanska, Minn.	8.00
Harrietta, Mich.	1.00
Hinsdale, Ill.	10.00
Hobart, Ind.	10.00
Humboldt, Iowa	10.00
Indianapolis, Ind.	10.00
Iowa State Conference	20.00
Kalamazoo, Mich.	20.00
Kansas City, Mo.	10.00
Keokuk, Iowa	10.00
Lawrence, Kas.	10.00
Lincoln, Nebr.	15.00
Luverne, Minn.	20.00
Madison, Wis.	25.00
Menomonie, Wis.	10.00
Milwaukee, Wis.	53.00
Minneapolis, Minn.	30.00
Free Christian	5.00
Mt. Pleasant, Mich.	10.00
Quincy, Ill.	25.00
Rock Rapids, Iowa	10.00
St. Cloud, Minn.	5.00
St. Louis:	
Unity	100.00
Messiah	100.00
St. Paul, Minn.	124.90
Sherwood, Mich.	5.00
Streator, Ill.	10.00
Wichita, Kas.	15.45
Youngstown, O.	10.00
	$1,767.17
Conference collection	29.50
Mrs. George G. Phillips, Chicago	10.00
Mrs. Franc P. Allore, Chicago	2.00
Rev. W. C. Gannett, Rochester	2.00
Mr. A. R. McAlpine, Chicago	3.00
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis H. Williams, Waukegan	2.00
	$1,815.67

J. W. Hosmer, *Assistant Treasurer.*

Annual Report of Chicago Associate Alliance for 1913-14.

During the year 1913-14, the Chicago Associate Alliance has met with each of the branches, making six meetings in all, with an average attendance of about sixty-five. The Alliance has, during the year, given practical assistance to the Abbie A. Peterson Settlement at Watha, North Carolina, and has sent a box of books to Mr. McHale to be used in his work at Marianna, Florida.

With the exception of the meeting at Hinsdale, where Miss Wilcox read a paper on "Tendencies of Present Day Verse," the Alliance program for the past year has been occupied with the part that woman has taken in the world's work. It has discussed, "The Women of the Old Testament," "The Service of Woman in International Peace," "Woman in the Ministry," "Woman in Industry," "Work of Notable Women," etc., etc.

The Alliance program for the year 1913-14 has thus been most timely, as the spirit of woman has been abroad, and her work, her ideals and accomplishments, have been given the most important places on the program of all the leading clubs in Chicago and elsewhere.

While the different branches engage in practical work, the work of the Associate Alliance has, in the main, been mostly educative. In all of its programs, it has approached the present day problems from the culture side, which assuredly has its value.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

Eleanor Johnson Lynn, *Secretary.*

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

The President and Faculty of the Meadville Theological School take pleasure in making the following announcements to the friends of the school and to all interested in the liberal churches and their ministry:

By vote of the trustees of the school, passed at the Annual Meeting of the Board, June third, 1914, the recommendations of the Faculty for a radical reorganization of the curriculum and calendar were endorsed, and practical steps initiated for their full realization on and after the opening of the next term of the school, September 29, 1914.

The changes inaugurated include:

First. A four-term year of forty-four weeks' schooling, with eight weeks of recess to be suitably divided between terms; thus eliminating the long summer vacation and securing for all students greater economy of time.

Second. A summer session at Meadville so planned as to serve the needs not only of seniors of the school but also of those taking special work, to fit for service as parish assistants, heads of settlements and directors of religious education, and offering in addition attractive courses to ministers and others already in the field in social service, religious education, the work of preaching and kindred studies.

Third. A sub-junior or preparatory collegiate course of four to six terms for all students seeking entrance to the school and lacking college preparation; all such students to be under educational direction of the Faculty of this school whether taking preparatory courses at Meadville or at some other institution, and all opportunities of study so arranged as to facilitate progress toward entrance to the theological school proper.

Fourth. Arrangements with Chicago University by which the Meadville students taking a three years' course may have the privilege of spending two summer sessions at the Chicago University, under the direction of this Faculty, which will be represented at that institution by one of its number, in the first instance by Dr. Francis A. Christie.

Fifth. The offering of supplementary scholarships of $125 each to sub-junior and junior students to meet the additional cost of the summer session at Chicago, and of $75 each to senior students to meet the additional expense of the summer session at Meadville.

Sixth. The closing of the senior year in September, instead of as formerly in June, in order to facilitate prompt placement in parish work after graduation. This plan secures for the seniors during the last term of work at Meadville, the advantage of special instruction

from non-resident lecturers who will assist in making the summer session inspiring and helpful. The vital elements of technique in the ministerial profession must be gained through apprenticeship and practice in the actual work. This newly accepted plan secures to all Meadville students as early an entrance as may be, without sacrifice of thoroughness and breadth of culture, to that drill of responsible effort in the actual field of work.

Seventh. A special one-year course of four terms, begining in September 1914, for the training of parish assistants, head-workers in church settlements, directors of moral and religious education, and lay helpers in the educational social work of churches.

This course will include lectures and class work in

I. Bible Study, Church History and Practical Church Work.

II. Child Psychology and Moral and Religious Education.

III. Applied Sociology, including Economics, Social Service and Social Reform.

It will be noted that this plan not only assures well-knit and intensive courses of study at Meadville, but adds the unique advantage of stimulating touch with a great University in a Western city; while saving a year's time in the required preparation for the ministry, thus falling into line with the New Movements in many technical schools toward economy of effort and efficiency of service. The far-reaching importance of this step will be best appreciated by those most familiar with the changes recently made in the conduct of similar institutions, and for the same educational and economic reasons. That the seventieth anniversary of the Meadville School is thus signalized by so modern and progressive a movement of advance marks the date as an historic landmark in its honorable and useful career. It shows that this institution, to which churches and individuals of the Unitarian faith and order have given such generous support, is determined to serve its helpers by increased use of all the aids to vocational training which the modern school affords. It proves that Meadville Theological School is seventy years young in its sensitiveness to the social currents that sweep toward closer co-operation between the leaders of religious thought and work of every name, and which press toward higher usefulness to the world by and through every function of the church. This action of the trustees, supported with such enthusiasm by alumni, whose successful service in the churches of our faith justify the confidence in the conduct of this school so long shown by the Unitarian body of the whole United States, is interpreted by the Faculty as a new commission to more devoted and constant service to the liberal churches of our country.

FRANKLIN C. SOUTHWORTH,
President.

FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE,
CARL FRIEDRICH GREVE,
CLAYTON R. BOWEN,
ROBERT J. HUTCHEON,
ANNA GARLIN SPENCER,
LEROY WATERMAN,
Faculty.

LANCASTER, PA.

Church of Our Father, Rev. E. H. Reeman: An experiment novel to this neighborhood is to be tried out by Mr. Reeman during the Sunday afternoons of June. Permission has been granted by the proprietor of a large and popular bathing resort, known as People's Park, for Mr. Reeman to hold Sunday afternoon services at that place. The services will be held in a large pavilion close by the water's edge, and will interfere in no way with the regular pleasure attractions. Live subjects of religious interest will be discussed, and at the close of each talk an opportunity will be afforded for the putting of any questions or difficulties raised. People's Park is thronged on Sundays with thousands of young men and women, and the river is alive with canoeists, and the services will present a splendid opportunity for the proclamation of our liberal gospel. Mr. Reeman is planning to resume the services for the month of September, upon his return from Winnipeg.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Channing Memorial Church, Rev. William Safford Jones: Evidences of growing Christian unity among the churches of this city are multiplying of late. On May 31, Mr. Jones spoke to over eighteen hundred people at the Army and Navy Vera Cruz Memorial Service in the United Congregational Church. The first Sunday evening in June he preached in the Mount Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church; the second Sunday evening in June he will preach at the Union Congregational Church; the third Sunday morning in this month he will exchange with Rev. Franklin G. McKeever, D. D., minister of the Second Baptist Church.

The New England Fellowship Committee, in justice alike to the applicants and to the churches, desires the fullest information concerning every person who asks for the certificate of recommendation. The Committee has therefore voted henceforth to publish the names of all applicants before taking final action.

The applications of Francis Treadway Clayton, Principal of Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H., now of the Presbyterian ministry; of Daniel Moses Welch of the Harvard Divinity School; and of Edward Perry Daniels of the Meadville Theological School are now before the Committee.

Louis C. Cornish, Julian C. Jaynes and Robert F. Leavens, Secretary. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, 10 Prospect St., Fitchburg, Mass.

The North Middlesex Conference held its ninety-sixth session at Wilton, N. H., June 11th. The following resolution was unanimously voted: "Resolved, That the North Middlesex Conference extends its congratulations to the editors and publishers of THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE for its prosperous condition."

GEORGE C. WRIGHT,
Secretary.

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Western Unitarian Headquarters

The Western Unitarian Conference maintains offices at 105 South Dearborn St., Chicago, which are open daily from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. (Saturdays 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.). All publications of the American Unitarian Association, including those of the Religious Education Department, and of Unity Publishing Committee, as well as all denominational periodicals are kept on sale and for distribution.

Secretary, REV. ERNEST C. SMITH

Headquarters Clerk, MISS LINA SCHEIBLE

Things Commonly Believed Amongst Unitarians Today

WE DECLARE our fellowship to be conditioned on no doctrinal tests and welcome all who wish to join us to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world:

We believe that to love the Good and live the Good is the supreme thing in religion:

We hold reason and conscience to be final authorities in matters of religious belief:

We honor the Bible and all inspiring scripture, old or new:

We revere Jesus and all holy souls that have taught men truth and righteousness and love, as prophets of religion:

We believe in the growing nobility of man:

We trust the unfolding Universe as beautiful, beneficent, unchanging Order; to know this order is truth; to obey it is right and liberty and stronger life:

We believe that good and evil inevitably carry their own recompense, no good thing being failure, and no evil thing success; that heaven and hell are states of being; that no evil can befall the good man in either life or death; that all things work together for the victory of good:

We believe that we ought to join hands and work to make the good things better and the worst good, counting nothing good for self that is not good for all:

We believe that this self-forgetting, loyal life awakes in man the sense of union, here and now, with things eternal—the sense of deathlessness; and this sense is to us an earnest of the life to come:

We worship One in-All,—that Life whence suns and stars derive their orbits and the soul of man its Ought,—that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, giving us power to become the sons of God,—that Love with whom our souls commune. This One we name—the Eternal God, our Father.